

# The Saturday News

SEVENTH YEAR. NO. 14

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, MARCH 23rd, 1912.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Jasper's Note Book

A board has been established by the Edmonton Council for the management of the hospital that is to be erected in proximity to the University. All but two of the members come from the south side.

Is this a desirable arrangement? Would it not be infinitely better to have one board to look after all the hospital affairs of the Greater City. The two institutions could then be made part of a general scheme that will doubtless in course of time include others.

It is a great pity that three years ago plans were not made as was very strongly advocated on this page by a gentleman who had made a thorough study of the whole problem by which the two cities should co-operate in hospital work, having in view the inevitable union. His advice was not taken. Now that we have the union accomplished, surely we can at least have one controlling body. If it is established it may in the course of time be able to remedy some of the mistakes of the past.

To keep up the separate control can serve no useful practical purpose, and will but have the effect of perpetuating the old line of division.

The isolation hospital problem is again to the fore. Residents of the locality object to it, and there is talk of rebuilding it in a more isolated place.

This was the talk that was heard at the time the institution was established. The first decision of the council was to put it down somewhere near the water's edge east of the low level bridge. But after a while it was seen that it would be preferable to kill the patients outright at the start, so the site on Government Avenue was chosen. It was then well out of the way, quite unnecessarily so, and it would be a serious mistake to place the building in a less convenient spot.

The old idea that such a hospital is a pest-house that spreads contagion throughout the neighborhood is very much antiquated. At Montreal it is placed in close proximity to the general hospital on a crowded thoroughfare. The people who are so unfortunate as to have to spend some time there are entitled to proper surroundings. It certainly does not help them to have these otherwise, while the convenience of the doctors who attend them must also be considered.

But are the civic authorities absolutely certain that they are pursuing the proper course in rebuilding the institution at all? These hospitals have been a constant source of trouble in one way or another everywhere, and at an investigation which was presided over by Judge Winchester in Toronto a year or so ago some very emphatic opinions were expressed by men who should know what they are talking about, against the idea of bringing people suffering from contagious disease together for treatment.

Ald. Clarke, who, by the way, has been established in his seat in the Council, where he will undoubtedly add to the liveliness of the proceedings, and keep things at all times from getting into a rut, has expressed an unfavorable opinion regarding the project to purchase the land to the south of College Avenue. It was only fit to lie down on, he declared, and the price asked was unreasonable.

The result has been another delay in carrying out the project.

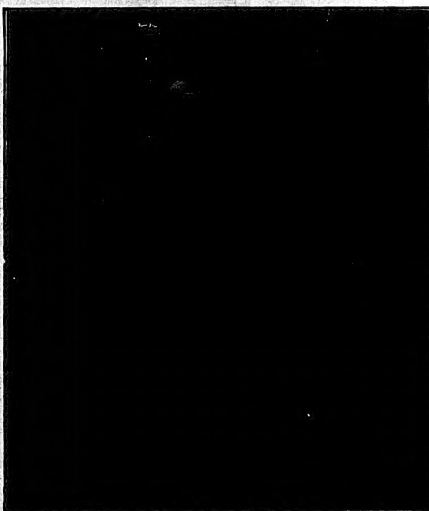
This much is certain that the ground will not be acquired at a less sum than is now being asked. Previous councils demurred at the price when it was a fraction of that now named. If the city does not buy, some one else will. If in its present state it is only good to lie down on, it can be utilized to build upon by private purchasers and the one bit of unobstructed river-view that we have close to the centre of the city will be gone.

The preservation of this is well worth the money. But it is quite possible to build the property up so that considerable level ground may be had on the top. This has been done on other land a little closer farther on. The money could not be spent to better purpose, and it is a mistake that will be much regretted later, if there is any further trifling with the proposal.

Edmontonians will remember Sir Joseph Thompson, the distinguished Cambridge scientist, who was President of the British Association when that body visited Edmonton two years ago last autumn. During the past week he had the signal honor done him of being given the Order of Merit. It was established some ten or twelve years and is conferred only upon those who have rendered the greatest service in their particular line of work.

A correspondent writes the Winnipeg Free Press to point out that Miss Beattie Nichols is not the first

## :: Miss Kathleen Parlow ::



The brilliant young Canadian violinist, who after recent triumphs in New York, Chicago, Boston and other big cities will appear at the McDougall Methodist church on Wednesday evening, next, March 27.

woman trustee to be elected in Alberta, that Mrs. Finnigan, now living at Emerald ranch on the Red Deer river, was elected at Gleichen eight years ago, and did excellent work on the board.

The Dominion railway commission met in Edmonton during the week and again left the impression that it was determined to do everything in its power to protect the general public against the unfair exactions of the various companies. But in the course of a hearing at Ottawa, Chief Commissioner Mabey not long ago also emphasized the need of safeguarding the interests of the men who had invested their money in these railway lines.

In January last year, the Railway Board issued an order reducing the rates of the White Pass and Yukon Railway by one-third. An appeal was made, and the Board has now decided to rescind its previous order, although it has secured from the company an agreement to reduce considerably the existing rates. The chief reason for the Board's change of opinion is that evidence was submitted making it clear that if the reduced rates had gone into effect, the company would have defaulted in the payment of the interest to British bondholders to the extent of \$127,000.

Judge Mabey stated that while the public should not be allowed to be robbed by railway companies, it is equally important "that the capital invested in transportation companies should be permitted to earn fair and reasonable dividends. Railway construction in Canada depends entirely on outside capital, thousands of millions, that must be borrowed within the next generation or two. We have in Canada less than thirty thousand miles of railway. Within fifty years Canada will require greater railway mileage than now exists in the United States. The money for the construction of this must, for many years at least, largely come from abroad; and how long would these investments continue if it were known that their earning power might at any moment be terminated by the intervention of this board?"

This is something the public is very apt to lose sight of and coming from a man who has shown himself so ready at all times to do what is right by those who have genuine grievances, should be paid particular heed to.

There is a very dangerous tendency to use the power of government as a club to get what we are not entitled to. When a man talks about the need of protecting vested interests he is sure to be accused of being in the pay of those having these.

The country must suffer if this spirit is not checked. We cannot afford to impair the confidence of the investor. There are enough people securing inordinate profits that it is advisable for us to try to cut down without our stupidly putting obstacles in the way of those who seek but a fair return on their money.

Mr. Bennett, in the speech at the Canadian Club in Montreal that has been so much discussed as a result of his reference to the American settlers, also made the remark that one of the evils that the West had to contend with was the fact that it offered so many opportunities to get rich quickly. The Toronto World has this comment to make:—

"Mr. Bennett's remarks will be received with some surprise. Every new country holds out to the enterprising spirits of the world the hope of acquiring wealth instead of earning a bare livelihood. It may be that some individuals are injured rather than benefited by making money too fast, but that land is most fortunate where every boy has a chance, or at least the possibility, of becoming a rich man. Every soldier in Napoleon's army was said to carry a baton in his knapsack; he might never become a corporal, but there was always the possibility of his becoming a marshal."

There is no doubt that the possibility of becoming wealthy is an incentive to immigration the value of which cannot be overestimated. So long as the methods by which a man acquires wealth at the same time build up the country no one is likely to object to the rate of speed at which he progresses to the millionaire class. But what Mr. Bennett objected to and what must give everyone else who has carefully noted conditions here food for thought is that so many individuals are becoming enormously rich in a short time and doing it simply by skimming the cream off the country. Their activity retards real development, and in so far as it does what Mr. Bennett had to say is strictly true.

One is never surprised at the startling stories of Western Canada that he reads in John Bull or some other sensational London publication but the following from that said daily, the Standard, is not easy to understand:—

"The invasion of Canada has at last come to pass; not, however, from the south, but from the north, and the attacking force is an army of wolves. The grim migration is no trappers' tale, and Saskatchewan is threatened with an invasion of a par-

ticularly menacing nature. Several years ago a terribly cold winter drove many thousands of the great grey wolves of the Siberian steppes across the frozen sea into the warmer clime of northern Canada. Through the Canadian pine forests of the uninhabited north they have steadily come east, until the plain opened out before them which terminates to the south in the rich prize wheat belt of the Saskatchewan valley. According to Mr. Wood, a Saskatchewan delegate who is now in London organizing a party of emigrants, hunger is driving these terrible animals steadily toward the settlers."

Mr. Wood must surely be operating among prospective settlers who are looking for excitement rather than comfort. It would seem like good policy on his part to turn them over to the organizer of some tiger hunt in India or of some expedition into the big game country of Central Africa. They would be bored to death hereabouts.

How long will our Canadian papers continue to serve up the rot that American correspondents send from London in reference to peeresses of American birth. One would think that the whole of British society revolved around them. Whether the peeresses in question like what is written of them or not is not clear. But this is certain that it puts them in as about as ridiculous a light as can well be imagined. Take this from a recent London letter:—

"One of the most popular hostesses, Helen Lady Abinger, has returned with the court. She was one of the first Americans to marry into the British peerage. At first cold shouldered, she won respect very curiously. She had an exquisite dress designed for her by Worth, called Dawn. It was a confection of gold and scarlet veiled in mauve, with embroideries to represent dew, and when Lady Abinger appeared at a big function, society at once fell at her feet. She never has lost her popularity since. She is still noted as possessing feet unsurpassed in perfection and shape by those of any Englishwoman."

In the words of a song that was popular some years ago "How was he (meaning the correspondent) to know?" At any rate what kind of a brainless idiot is the average reader supposed to be if he is interested in Lady Abinger's feet? It is bad enough to have to read this in American papers but our own should spare us.

The struggle between the Taft and Roosevelt forces grows in interest every day. The various news services are evidently influenced by the campaign managers and it is not easy from the conflicting reports that come to determine what the chances are. It is a strange position for the David and Jonathan of four years ago to be placed in. The following from the New York Post entitled "Through the Outlooking Glass" is of course written strongly from the Taft standpoint:—

Soon they came to the top of the hill and Alice saw a large, heavy man with a genial smile standing on the lawn of the White House.

"That," said the Red Knight with a frown, "is a deceptive candidate for the Presidency."

"Why do you call him deceptive?" said Alice.

"Because he always says what he means," replied the Red Knight.

"But that isn't deceiving at all," said Alice.

"Yes, it is," said the Red Knight angrily. "A man like that deceives people's hopes for novelty and excitement. Now 'I' am a receptive candidate."

"I don't know what that means, either," said Alice.

"It means," said the Red Knight, "a candidate who receives his views and his principles as he moves along. I am also a perceptive candidate because I am as quick as lightning at perceiving which way the wind blows. Furthermore, I am an incentive candidate and a susceptible candidate, and an acceptable candidate. That big man you see over there is my friend. But he has queer notions about some things. For instance, he says he'd rather be a White Knight than be President."

"Aren't you going to say 'Good morning' to him, if he is your friend?" said Alice.

"Oh, no," said the Red Knight. "I never do things like other people. I treat my friends and my enemies alike. I give them all a square deal."

"It seems to me, then," said Alice, "that what you want to do is to walk over and shake hands and say 'I hope you are feeling quite well, and here is a square deal for you.'"

"That would never do," said the Red Knight. "When I give a friend a square deal I give it to him between the shoulder-blades, especially if he has broad shoulders like this man in front of us."

"I don't see that the size of the man's shoulders has anything to do with it," said Alice.

"That is because you have forgotten your geometry," said the Red Knight. "If you hadn't you'd

(Continued on Page 3)

## SOME INTIMATE NOTES ON DICKENS

A gentleman who has had the advantage of knowing one or two of the intimate friends of Dickens later days sends London Truth the following notes on his life:—

The great misfortune of Dickens's life was his early marriage to a woman who was not congenial to him. Mrs. Dickens was amiable and kind-hearted, a favorite in society, and devoted to her husband and family, but she was unpunctual, a poor housekeeper, always forgetting or muddling her engagements, and with an entire want of order in her life, whereas Dickens was the most precise and methodical man. No two people could have been less suited. In later days he attributed his hasty marriage to the fact that he was at that time "a long-haired calf," ready to fall in love with every young woman he met.

A rapidly increasing family and a large expenditure kept Dickens in constant anxiety and worry about his money affairs. In the second volume of Foster's Life there is a vivid account of his disappointment, in January, 1841, when he found that the profits from "The Christmas Carol" were only 160 pounds, instead of 1,000 pounds, which was the sum he had "set my heart and soul upon." He added, "My year's bills, unpaid, are so terrific. I am not afraid, if I can reduce my expenses; but if I do not I shall be ruined past all mortal hope of redemption." He was then considerably in advance to Chapman and Hall, and he obtained 2,800 pounds from Bradbury and Evans to clear him of debt and to take his family abroad. When he returned to England in the summer of 1845 he was nervous and depressed about his literary future, and he would have accepted any permanent post which would have given him an adequate income. "This uneasy state of mind led to his connection with the Daily News. The first number of that journal appeared on January 21, 1846, and Dickens resigned the editorship on February 9. The proprietors of the paper had already discovered that he was a failure as an editor. Dickens knew nothing of party politics, foreign or colonial affairs, political economy, or scholarship, while his notions regarding art were chaotic. He was afterwards most successful as the editor of a weekly periodical.

Dickens made a serious mistake in putting off his public readings until so late. He contemplated commencing them about 1849, but gave up that project, mainly through the opposition of John Forster, who had pedantic notions as to the dignity of a man of letters. Dickens was often in a restless and unsettled state of mind from 1818 until 1858. The readings would have dissipated this uneasiness, besides filling his pockets. Until the early fifties he had treated his literary receipts as income, and it was not until the "Meak House" period that he began to save money in earnest. If he had begun reading for his own benefit in 1819 he would not have wasted time, strength, and money on amateur performances in all parts of the country, nor would he have mixed himself up with the futile agitation for Administrative Reform, or with the egregious Guild of Literature and Art, but for which it may be added, in all probability there would have been no separation from his wife. If he had been reading in the early fifties he would have visited the United States before the war, and his gains from the American towns would have been doubled. In 1868 he lost heavily by his resolution to convert "greenbacks" into gold, although a celebrated banking firm offered to give him a guarantee against loss if he would hold the notes until things had pulled round, which happened in a few years.

At his death he left about 93,000 pounds, including the sum realized by the sale of Gadshill with its contents. The prices recorded for the Dickens relics were astounding. People appeared to have gone mad at Christie and Mason's on July 8, 1870. A stuffed raven in a glass case, announced to be the original "Grip" of "Barnaby Rudge," sold for 120 pounds, 15 shillings, the intrinsic punch spoon, stem adorned with a little figure of Mr. Pickwick, realized 60 pounds. It was expected that Gadshill would go for a high price, but the bidding was terribly slack. Young Charles

Continued on Page 4



The biggest real estate slump in the history of Alberta is said to be imminent in Frank.

The young people of Calgary are undergoing a startling change these days. Lillian Russell is giving them beauty hints in the columns of The Albertan, while Laura Jane Libbey discourses there of affairs of the heart. With such advantages afforded them, what need is there for the university that the city has set its heart on?

This is one of the letters Miss Libbey received the other day:

"Dear Miss Libbey: I am 16 and a girl in love with me is 19 years of age. We both lived in Kansas and I went with her for about four months, and then gave her up, and then I moved to Alberta, Canada. Then she keeps writing to me. She says she won't give me up, and she doesn't love anyone but me. She says she turned lots of boys down since I came to Alberta. I don't love her as much as I ought to, I don't think, but I think lots of her; but my mother don't like me to go with her because of the difference of our ages, and mother doesn't think she is as bright as she ought to be. Write and tell me what to do, for I can't hardly wait. Answer soon.

J. D. R."

That touch about the girl not being as bright as she should be is delightful. It reminds one of a lecturer on the South Sea Islanders we heard in Edmonton a few weeks ago. "Why," he declared, "the ignorance of them people is awful. I never seen persons with such small intellects in all my life."

There is nothing for "J. D. R." to do but it should be easy to advise his mother as to the proper remedy.

In a debating society in the West of Ireland one of the leading members, a local doctor, who was a keen Unionist in politics, was fond of initiating debates on political questions, particularly on Home

Rule. On one occasion he delivered himself of a virulent harangue upon that topic, his principal opponent in the wordy war being a workingman.

In the course of his speech the doctor declared that the Irish people were not fit to be trusted with Home Rule, as they were not even honest.

"I can prove it!" shouted the doctor, defiantly.

"Proof! Proof!" was the general cry.

"Well," said the medico, "I once practised in a working class district, and had over a hundred Irish patients on my books. Now, out of that number how many do you think paid me?"

"We don't know, but we're willing to take your word for it," said the workingman.

"Only ten," returned the doctor, impressively. "Now," he continued, turning triumphantly to his opponent, "can you explain that?"

"It's aisy enough explained," returned the unabashed Hibernian, without a moment's hesitation. "There was only tin of thim hundhrd patients of yours recovered."

One of the Toronto golf clubs gives a dinner each year to the caddy boys it employs. At the feast last fall one of the boys, a tough youngster, disdained to use any of the forks he found at his place, but leaped his food into himself with his knife. When the ice cream course was reached and he still used his knife, a boy who sat opposite to him and who could stand it no longer, shouted: "Gee, look at Skinny, usin' his iron all the way round."—Saturday Night.

There is a prominent Eastern business man who always wears a very demure expression of countenance, although he is fond of a joke. One day he walked into Barnes' hat store and soberly inquired whether the house made discounts to pastors. Mr. Barnes himself was on hand to assure him that they did, and would allow him the usual 20 per cent. off. The solemn man then said he would like a becoming hat. Several were shown him, and after a good deal of thought and inquiry he finally selected one marked \$5, which Mr. Barnes said he would sell him for \$1. The solemn man put it on and contemplated himself for some time in the mirror. Was the hat becoming to a man in his profession? Mr. Barnes was confident it was. Would his congregation be likely to take any exceptions to it? Mr. Barnes was confident they could not. Then the solemn man looked at himself some more, and, after making another inquiry as to whether it would be sure to do his congregation, introduced his \$1. Then he stepped out. As he passed Mr. Barnes inquired again: "They can't find any fault with it, can they?" "Most certainly not," said Mr. Barnes, confidently. "Because if they do," said the solemn man, as his hand was upon the door-latch, "they can go to h—l."

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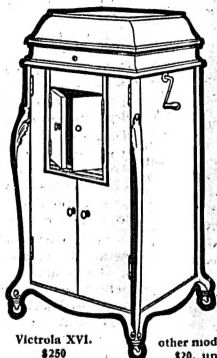
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She cast a withering glance at Mi.  
She met my fourth with cool "Aha!  
This matter's gone a bit too Fa."  
Five times I sought to gain the goal.  
Said she, "You are a patient Sol!"  
The sixth, she said, "Go ask papa,  
Perhaps he'd like a son-in-La."  
So, armed with lengthy pedigree,  
I bolted forth, her dad to Si.  
"She's yours, young man! Such nerve, I know,  
Will make up for your lack of Do."  
Moral—  
Young man, don't mourn your dearth of kale,  
Just persevere—you'll run the scale.

Mr. McTavish attended a christening where the  
hospitality of the host knew no bounds except the  
several capacities of the guests. In the midst of the  
celebration, Mr. McTavish rose up and made the  
rounds of the company, bidding each a profound  
farewell.

"But, Sandy, man," objected the host; "ye're no'  
goin' yet, with the evenin' jist started?"  
"Nay," said the prudent MacTavish. "I'm no'  
goin' yet. But I'm tellin' ye good-night while I  
know ye."—Saturday Evening Post.

"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "would you lend  
me a cake of soap?"  
"Do you mean to tell me you want soap?"  
"Yes'm. Me partner's got the hiccups, an' I  
want to scare him."—"T-Bits."

Effie—Shall I put on my mackintosh and run out  
and post this letter, mother?  
Mother—No, dear; it's not fit for a dog to be out  
on a night like this. Let your father post it.—  
London Opinion.

**WHY HE WAITED**

A stay-at-home recently paid his first visit to  
the seaside. There he saw a half-ton anchor lying  
on the beach. He looked astonished, and sat down

close beside it. It was early in the morning, but  
he remained there all day, not moving from the spot  
even to get something to eat.

At last an old sailor's curiosity was aroused.  
"Ain't yer tired o' sittin' there, my friend," he  
asked, kindly. "It's none too warm to-day."

"Well," drawled the visitor, "I do feel pretty tired,  
I'll allow; but I mean to see the man who can  
handle that pickaxe if I watch for him a whole  
week."

**SHARP AND SHARPER**

Carl Hertz, the great juggler and illusion king,  
is fond of recalling how he once served a racecourse  
sharp with a dose of his own medicine. The crook  
was operating the pea-under-the-thimble swindle,  
and had already reaped a nice harvest from his dupes.  
Carl Hertz arrived on the scene to hear the follow-  
ing appeal:

"Now, ladies gents and noblemen, I offer you the  
opportunity of a lifetime. Here in my 'and I 'ave  
a small pea. You will observe that I shall place  
this pea under one of these thimbles. Perfectly  
plain, isn't it? No deception at all. Now, I am  
prepared to bet any gent present that he won't spot  
the thimble the little joker is under."

"I'll bet you five shillings I can," said the jug-  
gler, assuming the expression of a confiding innocent.

The bet was accepted with alacrity, the thimble  
raised, and the pea disclosed by the triumphant  
Hertz. The swindler's expression of astonishment  
was a study for the gods. Thinking that the  
sleight-of-hand must have failed for once, he repeat-  
ed the experiment and doubled the stakes, but only  
with the same result. Again the procedure was  
repeated, and once again the smiling Carl withdrew  
the pea from the thimble he had selected.

This was too much for the baffled sharp, who,  
with a despairing gesture and appropriate strong  
language, cried recklessly: "Lord lumme, this beats  
the band! Why, I've got the bloomin' pea in me 'an  
all the time."

"Quite so," replied Hertz, sweetly, as he moved  
off; "but you see, I always make a point of carrying  
my own pea."

**CHURCH OF HIDDEN TREASURE**

A small building popularly  
known as "The Church of Hidden  
Treasure" stands in the little town  
of Barelta, New Mexico. During  
the Mexican war many of the  
richest families in the neighbor-  
hood hid their gold and valuables  
in all sorts of curious places.

Senor Saudoval, a very rich  
landowner, chose the thick walls  
of the village church as his trea-  
sure vault, according to a writer  
in The Wide World, and tradition  
says that the precious hoard has  
never been removed.

Only a few years ago several  
groups of men, armed with pick-  
axes, crowbars and other imple-  
ments, besieged the place in  
search of the fabulous wealth said  
to be concealed somewhere on the  
premises. The treasure is be-  
lieved to be contained in a large  
wooden chest, such as most of the  
wealthy Mexicans formerly pos-  
sessed. It is claimed that the box  
contained thousands of dollars in  
gold, besides emeralds, diamonds  
and pearls, set in pure native gold.

The Saudoval family, however,  
guard the place most carefully,  
while they in turn are jealously  
watched to see that they do not  
disturb the church property. Bold  
and daring plans are sometimes  
laid, but nothing seems to come of  
them, and the ancient building  
still guards its precious secret.

**M. MECKLENBURG, A.M.**

Sight Specialist

25 Years Experience

313 Jasper E. Phone 5225

Archibald Block,  
Edmonton, Alta.

# "Within The Two-Mile Circle"

## THE BRIDGE TO Mount Pleasant

### THE BRIDGE TO MOUNT PLEASANT

Work on the East End bridge  
is progressing very favorably.  
Two spans are now complete and  
work has started on the third  
span. The fifth span, that is the  
span on the east side of the river  
will be completed next as it is  
thought that it will not be possible  
to complete the main or fourth  
span before the ice moves. All  
the steel is now in the city and it  
is expected that the work will be  
completed in schedule time.

Being High and Dry is the least of all  
Mt. Pleasants virtues.

Lots \$300 up 1-3 cash  
Balance 6 & 12 mos

# Palmer & McIntyre

133 Jasper W.

Phone 1562

## Notes on Dickens

Continued From Page Two

Dickens bid in the hope of stimulating competition, and to his consternation, the property was knocked down to him. The literary earning of Dickens cannot be estimated by the fortune he left behind him, as it must be remembered that he began his career with nothing, that he lived expensively for over thirty years, and that he educated and launched a large family. He assisted his newly relatives (of whom he had many) very generously, but he never lent money to friends. This was a fixed rule of his life. He would take any amount of trouble for a friend in the way of obtaining a position, placing an article, or giving an introduction or a testimonial, or himself revising an article or even a manuscript novel. His assistance to friends took every imaginable form except pecuniary aid. He gushed profusely, both in speech and in his letters, and any one judging him from his correspondence and from the stories which are told of him would think that he was one of the most tender-hearted and loving of men. When, however, the time for sympathy and tenderness was over, and the moment for practical action arrived, he in an instant "conjugated himself" (like Mr. Peter Magnus) "into the imperative mood," and became most arbitrary and absolutely inflexible. There was a large vein of iron in Dickens; he was the hardest and least plastic of men. His will was indomitable, and he expected everybody with whom he was connected to comply with his wishes, the idea of any serious opposition never entering into his imagination. He was a despot both in his family and among his intimates. During the last twelve years of his life he resented counsel even in trifles, and any one who ventured upon a word of rebuke or even disapproval would have seen the last of him.

At the time of his separation from his wife Dickens was in a state of intense nervous excitement and irritability. This led to his quarrel with Thackeray, the true secret history of which has never been made known. Mark Lemon and Bradbury and Evans refused to publish his unfortunate "statement" in Punch, and he quarrelled with them for life. Lemon had been on most intimate terms with Dickens for some fifteen years. During one of the theatrical tours the party was walking in the country, and, passing through a wood Lemon was missed. "Where is Lemon gone?" asked somebody. "I suppose Dickens whistled," replied Jerrold. Dickens actually discontinued Household Words, then the most flourishing periodical of the day, in order to sever his connection with Bradbury and Evans. All the Year Round was the successor. Forster volunteered advice to Dickens constantly on every conceivable subject, but his views were not graciously received during the last few years, when they were in opposition to Dickens's own wishes. Forster was furiously against the American expedition of 1867-68, and when he protested strongly against the famous Oliver Twist readings there was very nearly being a serious difference between them. The man in whose society Dickens latterly took most pleasure, and with whom he was most entirely in accord, was Wilkie Collins.

## CITY OF EDMONTON

## Assessment—1912.

Public notice is hereby given that the Assessment of the City of Edmonton for the current year is now being compiled and Owners and Agents are respectfully requested to forward a list of the properties and parties to a list of the changes since last assessment and the School they wish to support; in order to be able to make an Assessment Roll as complete and perfect as possible, which will be the basis from which the 1912 Voters' Lists will be compiled. Lists affecting the north side of the river should be mailed to the City Hall, 34 Fraser Ave., and those for the south side of the river to the City Hall, 25 Main Street N., Edmonton South.

The Assessment Roll must be completed on or before the 30th Day of April next.

D. M. McMILLAN,  
City Assessor.  
Edmonton, Feb. 7, 1912.  
Feb. 17 Mar. 2 Apr. 6

## Music and Drama

A very excellent production of the famous comedy, "The Man on the Box," was given at the Empire the first of the week. Mr. Gus. A. Forbes in Max Fignman's part of Robert Worburton, the young army officer in the masquerade of a groom, was most amusing, while Miss Cantwell as Betty Annesley was quite attractive enough to warrant such an escapade for the sake of being near her. The company is an all-round good one, and it is good news to learn that it will spend some time in the city presenting a number of different plays, "Arizona," being the bill for the first of next week.

"The Prince of To-Night" is one of the most tuneful of the many tuneful musical comedies that the authors of "The Time, the Place and the Girl," have followed their first great success with. Mr. Henry K. Woodruff had the stellar role in the original production in Chicago three years ago, so that it was no second-rate organization which visited us this week. He is the perfect type of the matinee idol and infuses much humor into the part, though, considering the fine songs that he has, it is a pity he has not a better voice. "To-night will never come again," is an extremely beautiful one. The well-known "I wonder who's kissing her now" was, as was to be expected, enthusiastically received. The staging would be hard to improve upon. The company plays Friday and Saturday nights and Saturday matinee.

W. B. Sherman, manager of the Sherman Grand Theatre in Calgary, delivered a speech to the audience of the theatre the other night anent the criticisms levelled at the advertising curtain in the theatre. Mr. Sherman declared that James W. Davidson, of the Crown Lumber Company, and R. A. Pike, of the Royal Grain Company, were chief among those whom he characterized as "knockers." The criticisms of his curtain had grieved him deeply, so deeply in fact, that he had offered to give the house back to Senator Loughheed. But the senator would not hear of it, he said.

"No, you are the prime mover," the senator had told him.

Near the conclusion of his address Mr. Sherman prophesied that when it would be possible to have first class companies appearing at the house all the season he "might" remove the advertisements from the curtain.

"That curtain brings in about \$500 per week, paying for the coal and ordinary running expenses," said Mr. Sherman. "You should realize that I must make money. This theatre is ten years ahead of Calgary, so I must make it go one way or another."

"There are a few knockers who are talking about this curtain. But I have always done my best. I don't think anyone can say I haven't."

Mr. Sherman then went on to tell of the other ways in which he had furthered the good causes of amusement and sport in Calgary. When he mentioned the Orpheum Theatre some members of the audience giggled, according to The Herald report.

"That's all right. But there are some of you who like to spend an evening at the Orpheum," he retorted.

"This building costs a lot to keep going," he said, returning to his narrative. "I can't run it without revenue from the advertisements. 'I've got to raise money some way to put shows on here. Calgary wants the best and is not satisfied with poor shows. It cost \$4,000 to bring this company here, and it cost \$5,000 to get Forbes-Robertson."

"The advertising helps and the advertisers are not advertising simply for their own ends. I went to them and told them the situation and they agreed to advertise in the theatre. They are helping the theatre as well as getting prominence."

"Let me run own business and I will do the best I can," he pleaded in conclusion.

It is certainly Mr. Sherman's own business as to whether he should have an advertising curtain or not, but one can hardly dispute that it cheapens a theatre very much to have it.

"Mona," the \$10,000 prize opera, written by Prof. N. Parker of Yale University, to a libretto by Bryan Hooker, a young graduate, had its premier night at the Metropolitan Opera House last week. The opera, regarded as an initial period in the development of American composition, was enthusiastically received. "Mona," a story of the eternal woman, is set in the Roman period in Britain, 2009 years ago.

The story is typically Druid. Mona, a British girl, is about to wed Gwynn, son of the Roman governor, who is known to her only as a bard. A rebellion develops, and Mona is made leader. Gwynn swears allegiance to the conspirators, and then tries to bring about peace between the Britons and the Romans. The Britons are defeated. Mona, believing Gwynn a traitor and then a liar when he tells her he is the son of the Roman governor, kills him. As she is led away a captive she learns that her lover spoke the truth.

To Ricardo Martin, the tenor, whose home is in Kentucky, and whom we heard in Edmonton last fall with Alice Nielsen, fell the part of Gwynn, and he filled it creditably. Louise Homer sang the part of Mona, and Putna Griswold was the Roman Governor. Alfred Hertz conducted the intricate score.

## KATHLEEN PARLOW HERE NEXT WEEK

The present season will long be remembered as one which has brought to Edmonton some of the greatest of the world's artists, both theatrical and musical, and the succession of brilliant stars, whose flights have taken in the capital of Alberta will reach a culminating height on Wednesday next when that heaven-blessed genius, Kathleen Parlow, will again fascinate us, hypnotize us, with the witchery of her magic bow.

From the moment it became known that she might visit the city if a suitable auditorium could be found, the music-loving portion of the community has been on the tip-toe of expectation, and a sigh of relief went up when it was made public that the McDougall Methodist Church had been secured and the date fixed for Wednesday, March 27. Much of the credit for this happy turn of affairs is due to the Young Women's Club connected with the church, for it is under the auspices of this body that the talented and world-renowned young Canadian artist will appear.

Since being here last Miss Parlow has scored fresh triumphs in New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia and Toronto, and each triumph only serves to deepen the pride with which Westerners regard this brilliant product of the prairie. No more glowing tribute has ever been paid to any artist than that contained in an article by the editor of the New York Musical Courier, who recently wrote as follows: "Every once in a while nature produces something for which no mortal can give a satisfactory explanation. Miss Parlow, the young girl born in Canada nineteen years ago, trained in Europe by the best masters, including Auer of St. Petersburg, is one of these mysteries. Blindfold a stranger and sit him down to hear Kathleen Parlow play the Brahms concerto as she played it last Sunday, and he would be sure to credit the performance to a great and mature artist. There was nothing feminine or youthful in her presentation of this scholarly work, and that is why this young woman must be regarded as a marvel. She has everything; a brain, supple fingers, flexible wrists, musical feeling, intelligence that is of the masculine order, and a man's way of doing everything as thoroughly as it can be done. Her tone is big and soulful and she plays everything with the utmost purity of intonation. To enter into an analysis of Miss Parlow's playing of the three movements would simply bring the writer back to the field of cut and dried critical expressions, and such expressions should be avoided when Kathleen Parlow is the subject. She is a great artist, and in judging her one almost forgets to think of sex. The most beautiful thing about the young girl's art is that she seems unconscious of her gifts. Pray to heaven that this lack of self-consciousness will ever be one of her charms."

The plan of the church may be seen at the Columbian Conservatory of Music, Suite 11, Sugarman Block, 26 Jasper Avenue, East, where reserved seats can be obtained.

The following from the musical critic of the Lethbridge Herald is not without significance coming from a paper in the extreme south of the province. "The efforts of the Edmonton musicians to build up a festival that will be truly provincial in its scope deserve better appreciation than they have received. The Herald says:

In certain quarters there has been a feeble attempt to disparage the work being done so efficiently by the Alberta Festival Committee. I hold no brief for these people, but I do say with emphasis that if those who are so fond of criticising would take off their coats, and work and do something, the situation would be speedily improved. It must not be imagined for one instant that any old Tom, Dick or Harry can lift a prize at these competitions. On the contrary, an examination of their syllabus reveals the fact that the tests set by the committee demand that the competitors be fairly well ground in their respective studies. For example, I note class 8 solos (sopranos) must sing Handel's "I know that my Redeemer liveth." This solo cannot be trifled with, inasmuch as vocal efficiency is essential to its satisfactory execution. Again one observes that basses are expected to sing such an exacting number as Handel's "The people that walked in darkness" (Messiah). This solo is a great test on the soloist, from the standpoint of intonation and vocal technique, and there are few who ever succeed in doing it justice. In the instrumental competition violinists in the senior grade are requested to present Wieniawski's "Legende" Opus. No. 17, and German's "Morris Dance," while pianists in the open competition must play Chopin's "Nocturne in F" (Opus. 15 No. 1), and Grieg's "Norwegian Bridal Procession." The test pieces for choirs and quartettes are of an equally severe nature. There is nothing to sneer at in the foregoing examples of test pieces, and the competitor who receives Dr. Perrin's commendation, has cause

Continued on Page Eight

## KATHLEEN PARLOW

The Brilliant Young Canadian Violinist

will give a Recital in

## McDougall Methodist Church

On Wednesday, March 27

SEATS \$2.00 and \$1.00

Plan of the church may be seen at the Columbian Conservatory of music Suite 2, Sugarman block, 26 Jasper Ave. E. where reserved seats can be purchased.

## LOVELY PLANTS

AZALEAS Fine Bushy Plants well filled with bloom

RHODODENDIONS just a few of these magnificent plants

Besides these we have a fine assortment of FERNs, PALMS, ARAUCARIAS, OXALIS CINERARIAS, &c.

Phone 1292

Ramsay's Greenhouses

## Every Eddy Match is a Sure Safe Light

When you strike an Eddy Match it always lights easily and burns smoothly, with a steady even flame.

These perfect matches come from first-class materials and mechanically perfect machines under the supervision of skilled workmen.

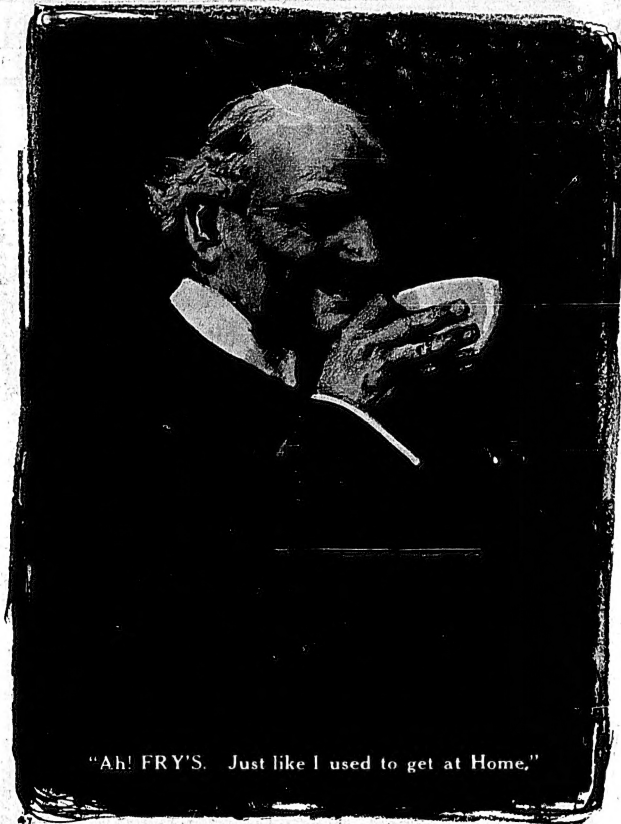
Eddy's Matches are always full M.M. count. For sale by all good dealers everywhere

THE E. B. EDDY COMPANY LIMITED  
Hull, Canada. Make also of Wooden Pails Tubs Etc.

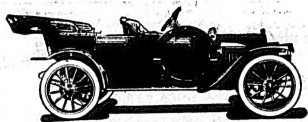
"Makes more bread and better bread" **PURITY FLOUR** "ask for it"

Sold By  
MOOSE JAW ELEVATOR COMPANY  
Moose Jaw





"Ah! FRY'S. Just like I used to get at Home."



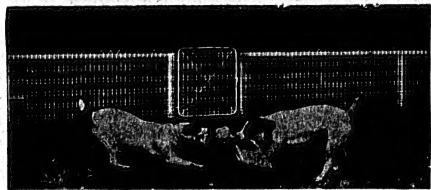
Four-Door, 5-Passenger Touring Model—Wide, Roomy, Inviting and Comfortable. \$1,600 at Orillia. Top and Wind Shield extra.

## Judge a Car by Car Performance

**MAKE** up your mind about the qualities you want your car to have. Low first cost—low up-keep cost—liberal equipment—comfort—dependability, for instance. These, and more—are bound up in the "Everitt" as in no other car, because the "Everitt" is the composite design of 100 experienced car dealers whose ideals for service it represents.

The "Everitt" has a Year's Guarantee, and Extra Tire, with its "Special Tudhope Equipment." Learn, by a demonstration, how much there, with "Everitt" design, mean to the owner.

**Tudhope Motor Co. Limited**  
Orillia



A fence of this kind only 16 to 25c. per running foot. Shipped in rolls. Anyone can put it on the posts without special tools. We were the originators of this fence. Have sold hundreds of miles for enclosing parks, lawns, gardens, cemeteries, churches, station grounds, etc., etc. Supplied in any lengths desired, and painted either white or green. Also "Page" Farm Fences and Gates, Netting, Baskets, Mats, Fence Tools, etc., etc. Ask for our 1911 catalog, the most complete fence catalog ever published.

**MR. RICHARD LANGTRY**

187 Bannatyne Street East

WINNIPEG, MAN.

## DEATH HOVERS ABOUT A NEGLECTED COLD

Statistics tell of the fearful ravages of colds in the Fall Season. Trifling at the outset, serious in a few days, fatal in the end.

Carelessness in dealing with colds is a criminal dallying with death. Fight the cold at its inception and it is vanquished.

Tar is a great healing agent, one of the oldest, surest, safest known. Cod Liver Oil has world wide use for all weakening and wasting diseases.

Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil is the most scientific combination of these two remedies and is the greatest cold preventing and cold curing remedy ever known. Its benefits are instantaneous, its results are marvellous. Large bottle costs only 35 cents.

Sold everywhere. When headache and fever are present with a cold take Mathieu's Nervine Powders to relieve the fever and allay the pain. Both preparations are sold by dealers everywhere. L. L. Mathieu Co., Props., Sherbrooke, Que. (A)

## ALONG THE LINE OF C.N.O. RAILWAY

### DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS WORK WONDERFUL CURE

Mrs. Ed. Lloyd, Weak and Worn and Wracked with Pain Found Relief and Cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Ardbeg, Ont., Mar. 18 (Special)—"Dodd's Kidney Pills have done wonders for me," so says Mrs. Ed. Lloyd, wife of a well-known farmer living on the line of the C. N. O. Railway near here.

"I was so weak I could hardly walk around," Mrs. Lloyd continues, "I suffered from female weakness and kidney trouble. My heart troubled me so that at times I would almost faint with the palpitations. I was treated by the doctor but he could give me no relief.

"I was sick all over when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills Rheumatism, Lumbago and Neuralgia adding to my sufferings. But Dodd's Kidney Pills helped me almost at once. After taking eight boxes I was completely cured.

Naturally Mrs. Lloyd wants other suffering women to know how she found a cure, and Dodd's Kidney Pills will do for other sufferers just what they did for Mrs. Lloyd, make new women of them.

# THE INVESTOR

Only in one spot in America are people free from sharks selling worthless stocks. That spot is Kansas.

In every other place the only recourse of a victim is to hire a lawyer and sue for the return of the money invested. But what's the use of throwing good money after bad? Besides, the stock swindler seldom leaves his victim enough money to hire a lawyer. He believes in getting it all while the getting is good.

Suing is too much like locking the stable door after the horse is stolen. The thing to do is to lock the stable door first.

This is what Kansas has done, and what Canada could and should do.

The sharks in Kansas are downed by a law entitled "An Act to Provide for the Regulation and Supervision of Investment Companies," and requires every corporation or association, foreign or domestic, which purposes to sell stock in Kansas, to file with the Bank Commissioners a clear and complete statement of its affairs down to the minutest details; It must file its written and irrevocable consent to accept service upon it through the Secretary of State of Kansas, and pay the expenses of a minute investigation into its affairs by an agent of the Bank Commissioner.

It must agree that no amendment to its charter shall become operative until the amendment is approved by the Bank Commissioner; it must file copies of its contracts and each of its agents in Kansas must be registered in the Bank Commissioner's office.

The law provides methods of bookkeeping, and each company must agree to open its books at any time to any stockholder.

Since the law went into effect last March, says the Technical World Magazine, more than 700 applications have been filed under it, and at present exactly 43 were approved and given certificates.

Not one of the others dare sell a share of stock in the State—that is, not unless the agent is willing to risk a fine of anywhere from \$100 to \$5,000 or ninety days in jail or both.

Furthermore, any person who makes a false statement in filing an application for a certificate to do business subjects himself to a fine of from \$200 to \$1,000, and not less than a year nor more than ten years in the penitentiary.

And to make it just a little stronger, if any company authorized to do business in the state conducts its business in an unauthorized manner or becomes insolvent, the Bank Commissioner may immediately throw it into the hands of a receiver and wind up its affairs.

It might be added that Kansas has learned so many things about wild-cat stock selling that the judges are just in the right mood to impose the maximum fine and imprisonment on any agent or any company that violates the law. So far none has dared attempt to violate the law.

A writer in the Winnipeg Telegram says: The possibilities of the development of the Saskatchewan are far greater, and have already occupied a considerable share of public attention. The giant river with its prodigious flow of water is destined yet to play no mean part in the history of the progress of civilization in the west. Some money will no doubt have to be spent to regulate its channel by the aid of wing dams and a canal cut at the Grand Rapids. The latter work, however, would be but subsidiary to the development of the almost incredible water power that might be turned to account at that point. Competent authorities estimate this at over a million horse power, a power sufficient for the purposes of the greatest manufacturing cities.

Lieutenant Butler, with the mind's eye of the empire builder, saw the Saskatchewan a busy highway. Is it too much for the imperialist of to-day to dream of the greatest milling centre of the world located at Grand Rapids, its mills turned by the waters of the mighty river, and fed by the wheat brought to them on its bosom.

This reads like a big proposition, but the westerner loves to tackle big things, and carry them through and this generation will not pass away without developments that will be astounding.

With the continuance of spring weather real estate activity is as brisk as ever and large building plans are well in hand for the coming season. The excavation on Howard avenue for the addition in the rear of the Tegler block gives an idea of the size that the building will ultimately attain. It extends from the lane which runs to the south of the Journal office clear over to Elizabeth street. One of the latest blocks projected is one of six stories by Gariepy on the south side of Jasper between Fourth and Fifth. There is a lot of very valuable land in the vicinity which must surely be built upon at an early date.

## Jasper's Note Book

Continued From Page One

know that a square deal on the hypothenuse is equal to the sum of the square deals on the other two sides."

A Washington despatch says that Canada last year purchased thirty billion eggs from the United States. This is according to official figures. The gospel of mixed farming can stand a lot of preaching in the Dominion yet.

Edmontonians are always learning something new that is of decided interest in reference to the country that lies between them and the Arctic, the people of which, even if some of them are two thousand miles away, refer to this city as "town".

Mr. V. Stefansson, the young scientist who went north from Edmonton two or three seasons ago has been making some valuable discoveries according to a friend of his, Mr. Senyas Beaumont, who writes of his work in the journal called Knowledge. Among these is a new race of men, who are Scandinavian in appearance.

Everyone asks how can it be? Students of Polar research, at a loss to interpret the phenomenon, wonderingly suggest that the men are descendants of the crews in Sir John Franklin's expedition, who had inter-married with the Eskimos. If this were so, in such a comparative short period these men, would be able to make their identity clear. In less than one hundred years men belonging to a virile race do not lose their language, their customs, or forget their fatherland. Indeed, it requires immense periods of colonizers or emigrants to change their language, to forget their national customs, and to allow their earlier history to pass into myth or legend.

Stefansson as yet has given us few particulars respecting these Polar Scandinavians, excepting that two of the men had red beards, and that they were markedly European in type.

If the description, meagre though it be, proves correct, they should be a remnant cut off from the great Scythian family, and as such can have no relationship whatsoever with the Eskimos, who belong to the same family as the African Bushmen.

At a comparatively recent date, even as records go (opposed to legend), there is no doubt that the that the adventurous peoples from the northern parts of Europe were not uncommonly accustomed to make voyages to Greenland and Northern America, owing to an almost continuous land connection. In the Icelandic sagas, that part of America embracing Texas, Florida, the valley of the Mississippi, Georgia, and the Carolinas was designated under the name of Ireland-ik-Mikla, or Great Ireland, and was considered to be a land of white men.

We have, then, undoubted traces of Teutonic, or Scythian, descent in America; the same race overran the north of Asia and Europe; tucked away in a corner of the Arctic regions is a small tribe of apparent Teutonic characteristics. Were the Scythian peoples always unsettled, always wanderers over the north, or is there some truth in the Chichimec legend that they inhabited Amamequecan, 'a land of vast extent'?

Without question there was a period, not geologically far removed from our time, when the Polar regions rejoiced in a soft and beautiful climate. It used to be said that this was before man lived. Now on the contrary, the weight of evidence indicates that man not only lived then, but that the north, as said the Goth Jormandes, was the forge of mankind. When the north enjoyed a beneficent climate, prior to events of the utmost magnitude which changed the entire climate of the world and altered the face of the earth, we cannot surely escape from the conviction that all the evidence is in favor of its being the original home of a great portion of the human race. We know that the earth has constantly shifted its axis, and by a study of the other planets we are enabled to foretell with some exactitude the result of any great change. The causes which led to a shifting of the earth's axis need not be discussed here, but the effects must be considered. According to the esoteric belief of the ancients, including Plato, the planet Jupiter caused a world conflagration, and whether it did so or not, there is no question but that, prior to the Glacial Period, certain lands became submerged, which interfered with its equilibrium and caused the earth to shift its axis owing to the change in its centre of gravity.

The Glacial Age drove the Hyperboreans south. Thus began that period of enormous migration among which the Israelites comprised but one small portion. Millions of people perished, and hence the Universal Flood story. But, as though it were by chance, here and there communities were isolated and spared. Some of these in turn sought more friendly climes, but others remained; and thus we have a rational and natural explanation of Herr Stefansson's Scandinavian tribe in the Arctic regions of the north-west.

## DOCTORS HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPE

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The doctors gave me up to die as the stomach trouble produced heart weakness and I was frequently unconscious. I received the Last Rites of the Church. At this time, a lady strongly urged me to try "Fruit-a-lives". When I had taken one box, I was much better and after three boxes, I was practically well again, and had gained 20 pounds. I have taken 13 boxes in all and now weigh 110 pounds and am well."

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## THE UNKNOWN CITY

There lies a city inaccessible  
 Where the dead dreamers dwell.

Abrupt and blue, with many a high ravine  
 And soaring bridge half seen,  
 With many an iris cloud that comes and goes  
 Over the ancient snows.  
 The imminent hills environ it, and hold  
 Its portals from of old.  
 That grief invade not, weariness, nor war,  
 Nor anguish evermore.  
 White-walled and jettied on the peacock tide,  
 With domes and towers enskied,  
 Its balustrades and balconies one sheen  
 Of ever-living green,  
 It hears the happy dreamers turning home  
 Slow-oared across the foam.

Cool are its streets with waters musical  
 And fountains shadowy fall.  
 With orange and anemone and rose,  
 And every flower that blows  
 Of magic scent or unimagined dye,  
 Its gardens shine and sigh.  
 Its chambers, memoried with old romance  
 And faery circumstance—  
 From any window love may lean, sometime,  
 For love that dares to climb.

This is that city babe and seer divined  
 With pure, believing mind,  
 This is the home of unachieved emprise,  
 Here, here the visioned eyes  
 Of them that dream past any power to do  
 Wake to the dream come true.  
 Here is fulfilled each hope that soared and sought  
 Beyond the bourne of thought;  
 The chorded cadence art could ne'er attain  
 Crowns the imperfect strain;  
 The odorate marble yields; the canvas glows;  
 Perfect the column grows;  
 And the great song that seemed to die unsung  
 Triumphs upon the tongue.  
 Here the high failure, not the level fame,  
 Attests the spirit's aim—  
 And hero hearts, by too frail flesh forsworn,  
 At last forget to mourn.

Last week there was no Mirror.  
 For a change, I thought people would rather like it.  
 But you know I missed my Saturday chat with you, and at the time I should have been writing it, though enjoying the rest immensely, I got quite fidgety and homesick.



## To Thwart "Resurrection Men"

In St. Mary's parish churchyard in Wanstead, Essex, England, there stands a curious sentry box of stone, erected that the sexton could stay there and watch the graves to prevent body-snatching, which was prevalent in the early part of the nineteenth century.

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A	4	15	12	12	1	18	19	A
PRIZE	7	9	22	5	14			PRIZE
	1	23	1	25				

## GIVEN AWAY

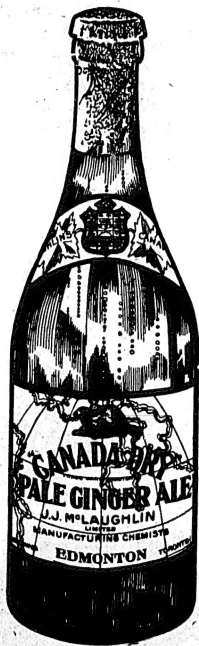
And many other Prizes according to the simple Conditions of the Contest (which will be sent). Each one of the above four lines of figures spells a word. This most interesting puzzle can be solved with a little study, as follows: There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet, and we have used figures in spelling the four words instead of letters. Letter A is number 1, B number 2, C number 3, etc., throughout the alphabet.

USE YOUR BRAINS. Try and make out the four words. ACT QUICKLY. This is a chance for clever persons to win Cash and other Prizes with a little effort. Write the four words, with your name and address, neatly on a piece of paper or post card and mail to us, and we will write you at once, telling you all about it. You may win a valuable prize. Act Promptly.

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of the year.

He is a bachelor, and his experience of life in the capacity of a physician has convinced him that all doctors might better remain so. Year after year, his parting advice to his students has been the same. "Let your work be your mistress. It will take you much to love."

From the class-room he goes on to the hospital. The hospital where the little girl lives and of whom he lies practically dying.

It lies in the course of his duty to diagnose her case, and their first meeting, and the instant appeal of the child with the big, wistful, brave eyes, to that case-hardened old surgeon, whom she at once christens "Santy," forms the kernel of the story.

It runs along very beautifully and naturally to this. His interest both as a physician and as a human being, not the scientific side that finally conquers.

Soon he realizes that his little "madchen" has become all the world to him. Her faith in him is monumental. All that science, and love and hope, for her he does, all towards that one supreme moment when her life must be put in the balance, her mate recovery dependent on the skill of his hands. He has never hurt her. Now he knows he must.

She is too weak for anaesthetics; the operation must be performed with only her marvelous self-control, and love for, and faith in, him, to make it bearable. With what agony of spirit it is accomplished the story goes into very fully. It is enough that the little "madchen" goes through with it, but will no more consent to see the man who has so grievously caused her to suffer.

Weeks go by, the great surgeon hangs over the child of his late love, becomes a physical wreck. Still she will not even speak of her darling, loved Santy. One day she has a glimpse of him, and her great, little mother heart, in spite of her fear of him, triumphs. Once more they are reunited.

Love indeed has cost him much. He has lost the man of iron nerve falter and grow faint.

It has robbed him of his poise, his power, his control, everything that a surgeon most needs. But at the end it has required him, for it has given him his true love.

Next year he tells his students much about the life he has told them before, but ends up with "Love, it costs much. Ah, yes! But not too much."

We had just pulled into Red Deer as the train was about to start. Involuntarily I looked up, and saw a man heavily veiled, accompanied by a young man, enter the car.

They sank, rather than sat down, on the seats. I couldn't for the life of me mistake that figure stretched out before cruel world, were now resting, mortally wounded hearts.

Her weeds hung on her as on a signpost, out of which life had fled. There was a huddled, broken, broken look about her, that suggested a frightened creature hurt beyond bearing. And her voice, when the man spoke to her—so tenderly—only too clearly—was like the wail of a lost soul.

I wanted to go away, to get out of that sight, that grief so deep, so exquisite, so new, it felt as if it had been before one's eyes. I could see her straining, out of the window, as the train started up, looking for me, I knew, into a freshly-made grave.

Trees, houses, station, were nothing to her; her vision took in only the lonely burial ground where she was leaving someone she loved better than life.

He too mourned, but he had her to look after.

When the car grew dark, I still felt the presence of them, mourning as those who cannot be comforted.

In Calgary I heard their story. That day they had buried their one little child, a daughter, three years old.

She had been in the best of health and was on her way, and they had gone on a trip, to be recalled, too soon, her die.

That is all. Love had crushed and broken them. A little child had cost them the beauty of sun, moon, and stars; of green fields, friends, and all that makes life worth living.

Love must be paid for, must it not?

It costs, it costs so much I wonder we ever stretch out our hands to take it.

It is so little, a tiny grave may hold it all.

It is so fragile, a cruel word may slay it.

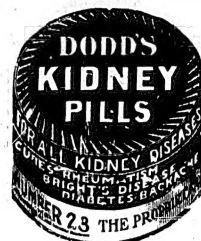
It racks us, it punnels us, it makes world as nothing once we have lost it.

It is all we have to live for, yet it often rests in the hands of a tiny child. Better, sometimes I think, never to open our hearts to it.

It is so cruel, it is so all-demanding.

As I held the story fast in my fingers, telling of how high it had cost the great surgeon, I seemed to get some insight into the raw hearts that bleed in many a Western town, where amid crude and bare surroundings, men and women lay their beloved dead, far from home, and in a land of strangers, and then take train for the big outside world to try, and forget a love, that costs too much.

*Peggy*



## HOME TO ROOST

Apple-green west and an orange bar,  
And the crystal eye of a lone, one star  
And "Child, take the shears and cut what you will,  
Frost tonight—so clear and dead still."  
—Edith M. Thomas in Harper's.

Pea-green piffle and orange bunk,  
And the ragged rhyme of one mad or drunk,  
You must confess this approaches Miss  
Edith's verse—but we can't sell this.  
—Buffalo News.

Crushed pumpkin dawn and a lemon squeeze—  
Child, lead your mother outdoors to freeze.  
At stuff like this we could never fail,  
But we'd never dare offer this for sale.  
—Houston Post.

Alice-blue cheese and a plate of tripe,  
And fourteen Chinamen hitting the pipe,  
Verses like this make a bosom throb—  
I hope it won't cause me to lose my job.  
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Salmon-hued vests and a pale-blue tie,  
Child, keep your fingers out of the pie;  
Christmas is near. If I sell this, girle,  
You can do some of your shopping early.  
—Detroit Free Press.

A glass of old cheese and a plate of ale,  
Sammy run out—get some soda in the pail,  
I feel that I'm getting them bad and worse,  
Sine I tried to unravel Miss Edith's verse.  
—Montreal Herald.

A pink tomcat and heaving seas,  
A sailor old and purple D. T.'s  
Stuff like this I can write with my feet  
But what in the world doth Edith eat.  
—Ottawa Free Press.

## WHERE LIFE SENTENCES ARE DESIRED

Remote as the connection may seem, the advanced age of the Prince Regent of Bavaria, who is now over 90, makes it necessary for the Bavarian authorities to examine with special care supposed confessions of crime. Among German peasants the mistaken belief is current that penal servitude for life terminates automatically on the death of the State ruler, with the curious consequence that offenders in jail for offences entailing four or five years' imprisonment often accuse themselves of crimes of sufficient seriousness to incur the punishment of penal servitude for life.

A case of the kind, according to the New York Sun, occurred not long ago in Brunswick, where according to the popular idea, the coming to the throne of the legitimate heir, the Duke of Cumberland, would mean the setting free of those in prison condemned to penal servitude for life. One convict charged himself with a murder, and as his statements tallied fairly with the circumstances of the crime he was found guilty and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude.

Very soon the same convict accused himself of other crimes, until at length the authorities became suspicious and investigation proved that his object was to obtain a sentence of penal servitude for life in the confident expectation that with a change of dynasty his term would come to an end.



The Yenna Auto Cab

## TIMING HER WOE

(From the Philadelphia Ledger.)

Throughout his career as a newspaper reporter the young man's assignments had taken him into demonstrative crowds whose periods of noisy demonstration it was his duty to time.

"Mr. A. finally appearing, the audience cheered for fifteen minutes." "Senator X. finished his second joke amid laughter that lasted ten minutes," or, "At the close of the speech the audience applauded wildly for thirteen minutes."

These and similar records of the public pulse plentifully adorned nearly every story the young man wrote. One day he was sent to attend the funeral of a rich and crusty-tempered old gentleman whose young wife had notoriously repented her choice. The young man wound up his story of the funeral thus:

"In the silence that ensued the widow wept for sixteen seconds."

## INSIDE INFORMATION

One night in a hurry Pat Murphy set out, Jim Burke, "undertaker," to visit. "Arra Patsy," cried Jim, "what have you come about so late in the evening, what is it?"

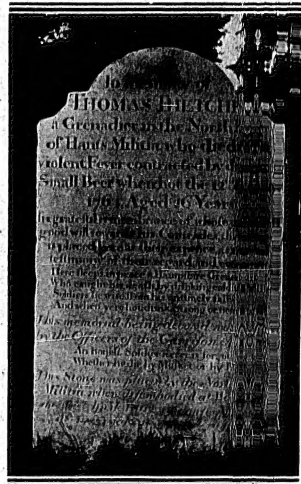
"Well," said Murphy, "It's sartin' we've all got to die, Whether youthful and healthy or ailing, So just whisper Ahama—I'll tell you no lie—I'm requirin' a coffin for Whelan."

"An' is 'Tom Whelan dead?" queried Jim; The doctor remarked: "He won't last many hours." "An', begorra, he knows what he gave him."

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS ARE PAST.

(From the Greenwood Ledger.)

In Nelson the other day a saloon man was fined \$100 for selling a bottle of alleged whisky in the first moments of a Sunday morning. Time brings many changes. Twenty years ago they would fine a booze dispenser in Nelson if he did not sell anything the crowd wanted on Sunday.



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Dublin, however, has grown used to the play. To the Irish-American it has come in full force, and without preparation, and he agrees with the Dublin playgoer who at first sight regarded the play as an insult to the Irish. The play is the most merciless and the keenest analysis of Irish character and temperament that has ever found its way into literature. It is undoubtedly a work of genius. But it seems a pity that the Irish-American does not perceive what an extraordinary proof it is of the artistic endowment of his nation.

## Home and Society

Continued From Page Four

Milinery Openings seem to have had the inside track of any social doings this past week, judging from all I have heard since my return from a short visit to Calgary.

Aside from Mrs. Hyslop's tea in honor of Mrs. Hurd, I heard that nothing worth chronicling had taken place during my absence.

Of the young ladies whose honor the tea was given, I heard many flattering opinions expressed, while Mrs. Hyslop's hospitality is too well recognized to require any comment.

Afternoon tea at the various tea shops, notably the "Blue Moon," seems to be the favorite form of Lenten dissipation.

There, one goes to see and be seen, pick up the thread of what is going on, and hear the latest whisperings of who has done what.

Sometimes the people most concerned, are never even conscious of what crimes they have committed. Don't know if they have contracted to get an auto; Never saw the tea-party they are accused of having given. What does it matter? The dance goes merrily on, and it is now somebody else does something.

Speaking of auto accidents, I seem to be the one person in town among my friends, who have no intention of getting, nor am at present in possession of, a car.

The sensation of generalized loneliness in this respect, almost gives me a distinction all, all my own. By the time summer is here motor owners I should think, would have to telephone to borrow a pedestrian, weeks and weeks.

I dropped in to the St. Patrick's tea, given by the ladies of Christ Church on Tuesday in the Old Exchange Mart, and saw them doing a flourishing business. There were delicious home-made candies for sale, and tea was served all afternoon to constantly changing groups of well-known people. I believe a business lunch was also on, during the noon hour.

On Monday afternoon a great many callers paid their devotions to Mrs. Williamson Taylor, at her cosy new home on 11th Street.

Mrs. Ewing poured the tea, and I thought the hostess looking very smart and well after her extended visit down South. Miss Lindner of Calgary spent last week-end at "Garrybrenagh."

Mrs. Clark Denis who has been quite ill with an unusually severe cold, is able to be about again. This afternoon, (Friday) Mrs. Buley is holding her usual reception at Government House, and as the day is for all the world like a day in June, doubtless hundreds will take advantage of the opportunity to call.

Mr. Emery and Mrs. St. George Jellitt arrived home from a delightful trip to Honolulu, early on Wednesday morning, both with complexions as brown as berries, unmarred they say, while stretched on the sands by the sea. It sounds entrancing after our cold wind-storms of the last few days, and both travellers are showing the benefit of their holiday.

I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Polehampton and a box party, at "The Man of the Hour" on Tuesday night, the others being, Mr. Bernal and Mr. Norton and Mr. Ernie Ferris.

On Monday there is to be a subscription dance, given by some of the young leaders in the Corona Hotel.

The Daughters of Mercy are already busy with preparations for their "Bazaar Ball," to be held during Easter week.

"The engagement is announced of Miss Marie C. Muus of Glen Lyon, Vancouver, and Ullevold, Christiana, Norway, to Mr. Albert Edward Craddock, secretary of the department of agriculture, Victoria, and Armagh, Ireland."

No one need be told that this is "our" Mr. Craddock, who a year or so ago, was such a popular figure among the young dignitaries at the Alberta Capital. His ready wit, his touch of the brogue, and his cheery all-round likableness, are still treasured memories of a host of good friends he made for himself while here, and though he has gone the way of all human men, we can find it in our hearts to forgive him. "Craddock, married or single, could not be other than a prince of good fellows. Here's good-luck and hearty congratulations to himself and the lucky girl who has captured him!"

### WIDELY SEPARATED CITIES

"Now, children, who can name two cities which are widely separated?"

"Boston and San Francisco."

"Correct! And one day?"

"London and Melbourne!"

"Yes. Now two more cities widely separated."

"Simpli-city and happi-city."—Boston Transcript.

## Music and Drama

Continued From Page Four

for much encouragement. I had an interview some few weeks ago with one of the interested in this festival, and suggested that next year Edmonton might possibly co-operate with Lethbridge, and hold next year's festival in this city. No one need be jealous of Edmonton. The people there have done, and are doing, more for the cause of music than any other city in this province, and they are entitled to all the credit and praise they get. More power to you at Edmonton, but by a way of change, and in order to spread the good work in this Southern country, let us have your presence here next year. The Alberta musical festival committee can always rely on the support of the Herald in the excellent work it is doing in the advancement of musical education.

The question of dramatic censorship continues to agitate London, having been stirred up afresh by the production of Eden Philpotts' dramatized book, "The Secret Woman." Philpotts often places his stories in somewhat sordid and unlovely surroundings, and "The Secret Woman" is particularly outspoken and unpleasant even for this very outspoken author. So certain of the dramatists regret the production of it, while others take the side of the author. Sir Beerbohm Tree expressed strong disapproval of the play itself, and said its production was calculated to retard the progress of the drama fifteen years. Sir Arthur Pinero also regretted the episode, was more guarded; he thought, however, that Philpotts should have consented to the elision of certain of the lines, which were characterized as "too strong even for the smoking room." The play was given a private performance at the Kingsway Theatre.

Most of the West End managers uphold the censor, possibly from motives of policy. But practically all the prominent playwrights and authors demand the abolition of the censor's office, a list of them being as follows: William Archer, Henry James, J. M. Barrie, Jerome K. Jerome, R. C. Carton, George Moore, Joseph Conrad, Arthur Quiller-Couch, Gilbert Murray, John Galsworthy, W. L. Courtney, Alfred Noyes, Arthur Conan Doyle, Arthur Wing Pinero, John Galsworthy, Elizabeth Robins, Frederic Harrison, G. Bernard Shaw, Anthony Hope Hawkins, Alfred Sutro, Maurice Hewitt, H. G. Wells, W. H. Hudson, I. Zangwill.

The office of censor was originally instituted merely to guard against satire, and not to establish any artistic or moral standards. The following is a list of plays by distinguished authors which have been banned from the English stage:

"Bethlehem," a reverent Nativity play, by Laurence Housman; "The Secret Woman," by Eden Philpotts; "Ghosts," by Henrik Ibsen; "Monna Vanna," by Maurice Maeterlinck; "Mrs. Warren's Profession," by Bernard Shaw; "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," by Bernard Shaw; "Waste," by H. Granville Barker; "Coromotion," by Christopher St. John and Charles Thursty; "Pains and Penalties," by Laurence Housman; "The Breaking Point," by Edward Garnett (bar broken by protest). "The Mikado," by Gilbert and Sullivan; "Oedipus Rex," by Sophocles; "Samson and Delilah," by Saint-Saens; "Herodiade," by Massenet.

About the biggest press agent hoax worked for many years was that of the "Millionaire for a day" from Wilkesbarre, who took a special train to New York, spent the day—and the evening—there, and went back home again before morning, his money all gone, just to see what it felt like to be a millionaire. It is generally admitted now that the whole affair was a plant engineered by George M. Cohan as an advertisement for his play, "The Little Millionaire," and his other production, "The Red Widow." These were the two plays McDevitt, the Wilkesbarre man, attended while in New York; he even made a speech from the stage at "The Red Widow." And Mr. Cohan took Mr. McDevitt to the Friar's Club. And even then the astute reporters did not grasp the meaning of it all, so McDevitt and Cohan and the two shows got pages of free advertising; and now the newspapers are just beginning to wake up.

### BAD HOUSEKEEPING

She had just finished reading that 7,000 bills were presented to Congress in nine days. "Do you think it business-like to have so many bills in such a short time?" she asked sharply. "We women could do much better. When we are represented in congress we'll prove it." Blithers scratched his head in perplexity. "How would you women stop it?" he demanded. "How would we stop it?" said Mrs. Blithers, scornfully. "We'd pay cash as we went along."—Argonaut.

The largest real estate deal of the week was the sale of 209 acres more of the D. W. Warner's farm, on the Clover Bar Road, it being given out that the price paid was in the neighborhood of \$150,000.

The Ogilvie Company has decided to erect its new mill at Medicine Hat. This will do much and make up for the disappointment occasioned by the failure of the C. P. R. shops to go to the gas city.

### YOU MUST COME AND SEE THIS NEWLY UNPACKED SHIPMENT OF

## Women's Long Spring Coats in New York's Most Favored Styles

THEY'RE, by all odds the smartest and most stylish looking garments that have been shown in Edmonton this season, and you simply must come and see them, you'll be disappointed if you don't, they embody all the latest Easter style touches which will be so much in evidence at Easter time in large fashion centres.

You're under no obligation to buy, we simply invite you to come and see them.

### Silk, Repp, Pongee and Satin Coats

WOMEN'S LONG SPRING COATS in silk Repp, Pongee and Satin, in the new light colors, fashioned with loose fitting, with belt at back or semi-fitting styles, made with wide shawl collars, or pointed back, with long rolling rovers. These new styles are also made with three quarter length set in sleeves smartly trimmed with fancy braids over bright satin and pipings to match collar and cuffs.

PRICES RANGE:

18.00 to 32.50

Stylish New Black Silk or Satin Coats

By all means the dressiest styles we have ever shown, fashioned in black satins, taffeta silks, corded silks, embroidered silk nets and silk velvets, made in semi-fitting, semi-belt or empire style; lined with white or light colored satin and others unlined. The collars offer choice of deep rolling capuchon or square styles; handsomely trimmed on collars, lapels and cuffs with black silk embroidery net or fancy corded braids in new novelty designs over bright colored satins edged with fringe; also with fancy silk rosettes and black silk applique fastening with frog ornaments. PRICES RANGING:

21.50 to 65.00

### Women's and Misses' Spring Coats

A GREAT VARIETY OF STYLES in a good priced range, made of broadcloths, serge repps and panamas, in tan, brown, grey, blue, navy or black; fashioned with large stylish looking collars, round, square or pointed. This range of coats is richly trimmed with Paisley silk, satin tucks, pipings, tassels and fancy new set-in sleeves finished with deep cuffs trimmed to match collars, fastening with fancy buttons or frogs. PRICES RANGE,

9.50 to 23.00

## Spring 1912

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